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INDIAN COLLECTION

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REGIMENT, 1861-1864.  
30TH INDIANA REGIMENT  
VETERANS ASSOCIATION

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*held in 1907*

**30<sup>TH</sup>**

**INDIANA REGIMENT**



**VETERANS ASSOCIATION REUNION**

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**To be Held at Ligonier, Indiana,**

**Thursday, September 19, 1907.**

Allen County Public Library  
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Fort Wayne, IN 46801-2270

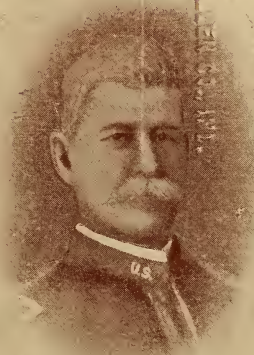


30<sup>TH</sup>

INDIANA REGIMENT



VETERANS ASSOCIATION REUNION



To be Held at Ligonier, Indiana,

Thursday, September 19, 1907.

Reunion calls us all in old-time ranks to fall,  
Touch elbows now.

The mem'ries of war days remain with us always,  
Aloft our old flag raise, our love avow!

# RECORD OF THE 30TH INDIANA REGIMENT WAR OF THE REBELLION, 1861-65.

<b>1st Colonel</b>	<b>SION S. BASS</b>
<b>2nd " "</b>	<b>J. B. DODGE</b>
<b>3rd " "</b>	<b>ORIN D. HURD</b>
<b>4th " "</b>	<b>H. W. LAWTON</b>

Mustered into service September 24, 1861.  
38 commissioned officers, 968 enlisted men.  
Mustered out November 25, 1865.

Service: 4 years, 2 months and 1 day.

Killed in battle 137. Died of disease 275  
Starved in rebel prison 43. Total died in the  
service 455. Died at home of wounds 56.  
Total casualties 511.

BATTLES	KILLED AND MORTALLY W'N'D
Shilo, Tenn. ....	26
Stone River, Tenn.....	46
Chickamauga, Ga ..... 24	24
Rocky Face Ridge, Ga..... 3	3
Reseca, Ga ..... 5	5
Dallas, Ga ..... 6	6
Kenesaw Mountain, Ga ..... 16	16
Atlanta, Ga ..... 6	6
Lovejoy's Station, Ga..... 1	1
Franklin, Tenn..... 1	1
Nashville, Tenn .. 1	1
Place Unknown ..... 2	2

## 3RD BRIGADE, 1ST DIVISION, 4TH ARMY CORPS.

1738199

## REUNION ORDER NO. 24.

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HEADQUARTERS 30TH INDIANA REGIMENT  
VETERANS ASSOCIATION.

August 27, 1907.

COMRADES: Be it remembered that at our last reunion, held at New Haven, Indiana, last September, we as an association of veterans, officially accepted the cordial invitation tendered by the people of Ligonier to hold our next annual reunion in their city.

Ligonier said to you: "To the 30th Indiana Regiment Veterans Association, in reunion at New Haven, Indiana: We, the citizens of Ligonier, Indiana, and vicinity, do most cordially and earnestly invite you to hold your next annual reunion in the city of Ligonier.

"It has been about twenty years since you met in our city, and we assure you that we would enjoy your presence once more.

"We have not forgotten the good time we had on that occasion and will promise you a royal welcome and the best the country affords.

"Hoping for a favorable response, and assuring you that our latch-string is always out for the old veterans, and their friends, we are yours very truly."

That promisory note, drawn and endorsed by the people of the city of Ligonier will have matured Thursday, September 19, 1907, and they will be ready to pay it on that date, with interest compounded day by day for the past twelve months.

Ligonier is one of the best cities on the Lake Shore railroad, situated about midway between Toledo, O., and Chicago, Ill. This central point of the universe invites the veterans to repeat their visit, or make it into a permanent Home Encampment for reunions if it suits you. You will be welcomed to their homes. The Mayor of the city, James Kinnison, will formally address you on behalf of the city. This will be His Honor's first public appearance as Mayor, and maiden speech as such official.

Stansbury Post No. 125, G. A. R. with its auxillary W. R. C. will place their hall at your service, and in every possible way contribute untiring efforts to make your visit pleasant.

HIRAM M. GOODSPEED, Pres.      JOHN D. BANTA, Vice-Pres.  
J. N. OHLWINE, Sec-Treas.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ADDRESSING 150,000 PEOPLE.  
UNVEILING OF LAWTON STATUE

Theodore Roosevelt, president of the United States, in his speech at the unveiling of the statue to Gen. H. W. Lawton, at Indianapolis, Ind., May 30, 1907, said:

"For more than one reason I am peculiarly glad that this year I speak on Memorial Day in the state of Indiana. There is no other class of our citizens to whom we owe so much as to the veterans of the great war. To them it was given to perform the one feat with which no other feat can be compared, for to them it was given to preserve the Union. Moreover, you men who wore the blue, blessed beyond the victors in any other war of recent times, have left to your countrymen more than the material results of the triumph, more even than the achieving the triumph itself. You have left a country so genuinely reunited that all of us now, in whatever part of this Union we live, have a right to feel the keenest pride, not only in the valor and self-devotion of you, the gallant men who wore the blue, but also in the valor and self-devotion of your gallant opponents who wore the gray.

"The hero whose monument we today unveil, by his life bore singular testimony to the completeness of the reunion. General Lawton, in his youth, fought gallantly in the civil war. Thirty-three years afterward he again marched to war, this time against a foreign foe, and served with distinguished ability and success as a general officer, both in Cuba and in the Philippines. When he thus served it was in an army whose generals included not only many of his old comrades in arms, but some of his old opponents also, as Gen. Wheeler and Gen. Fitzhugh Lee.

"Under him, both among the commissioned officers and in the ranks, were many men whose fathers had worn the blue, serving side by side with others whose fathers had worn the gray; but all Americans now, and nothing but Americans, all united in their fealty and devotion to their common flag and their common country, and each knowing only the generous rivalry with his fellows as to who could best serve the cause for which each was ready to lay down life itself.

"To Gen. Lawton it befell actually to lay down his life; a tragedy, but one of those noble tragedies where our pride rises above our sorrow. For he died in the fullness of time, serving his country with entire devotion—a death that every man may well envy.

"Indiana in the civil war furnished even more than her share of brave soldiers. It also fell to Indiana to furnish the



greatest of all war governors who upheld the hands of Abraham Lincoln; for when history definitely awards the credit for what was done in the civil war she will put the services of no other civilian, save alone those of Lincoln, ahead of the services of Governor Morton. No other man who rendered such services as he rendered worked under such terrible disadvantages, and no man without his iron power could have achieved what he achieved during the last two years of the war, when he managed the state government of Indiana solely on money obtained by pledging his own personal honor and personal fortune; and yet never for one moment relaxed in the help he gave to Lincoln and Chase and Seward and Stanton in the cabinet, to Grant and Sherman and Sheridan and Thomas in the field. It was work that only the strongest man could have done, and it was work vitally necessary for the sake of the nation to do.

“The men of the generation which fought the civil war had their great tasks to perform. They met them as strong men should have met them. They did them, and we, their children, profit by their mighty deeds. But no generation can ever plead the great deeds of its predecessors as an excuse for failing to perform its own duties. Our duties are those of peace and not of war. Nevertheless they are of the utmost importance; of importance to ourselves, and of still greater importance to the children who in a few years will take our places as the men and women of this Republic. If we wish to show ourselves worthy heirs of the men of the civil war, we must do tasks with the thoroughness with which they did theirs.

“Great social and industrial problems confront us and their solution demands on our part unfaltering courage, and yet a wise, good-natured self-restraint; so that on the one hand we shall neither be daunted by difficulties nor fooled by those who would seek to persuade us that the difficulties are insuperable; while on the other hand we are not misled into showing either rashness or vindictiveness.

“Let us try as a people to show the same qualities as we deal with the industrial and social problems of today that Abraham Lincoln showed when, with indomitable resolution, but with a kindness, patience and common sense quite as remarkable, he faced four weary years of open war in front, of calumny, detraction and intrigue from behind and at the end gave to his countrymen whom he had served so well the blood-bought gift of a race freed and a Nation forever united.”

be proud. But Kentucky, as the mother of the better half of him, and the country which for more than forty years he served with unselfish courage, claims the right as well as the privilege of joining with Indiana in doing honor to an American soldier who bore the name without reproach.

In the armies of the Union, in the Indian fighting, in Cuba and the Philippines, Gen. Lawton was put to every test that the United States has required of her fighting men in half a century. He failed in not one of them. And, though the monument raised to his memory is, in itself, voiceless, it tells best its own story that when brave deeds are done again and noble lives are led, Lawton's name will not be forgotten.

—o—

## LAWTON.

To the Surviving Members of the Thirtieth Indiana:

Lower the flag! For a hero lies  
Dead but not vanquish'd 'neath alien skies.  
Dead! Why he lives on tongue and pen  
And still will he live—of his fellow men!

Lower the flag! In the coming years  
Blossoms shall blow from the seed of tears.  
The tears of a nation resmiled again  
When the sons of soldiers shall grow to men.

Glorious indeed is the faith we prove  
To die for the flag and the land we love!  
Dead! Why he lives as was living then  
A statured King to his fellow-men.

White helmet prone in the crimsoned path  
That marked the star of the battles' wrath;  
You still lead on with that fearless wave  
Unknowing defeat or a soldier's grave!

Death cannot still forever the heart  
Of valorous chieftain; it is a part  
Of life, of freedom. A deathless thing  
Set in the skies of His blossoming!

Lower the flag! In the coming years  
Blossoms shall blow from the seed of tears!  
The tears of a Nation resmiled again  
When the sons of soldiers shall grow to men!

—E. S. L. Thompson, author of "One Country, One Flag,"  
Muncie, Indiana.

# THE HOME VOYAGE.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Gen. Henry W. Lawton—Fell at San Mateo, Dec. 19, 1899.

(Poem read by Mr. Riley at the dedication  
of Lawton Monument, Memorial Day 1907.)

Bear with us, O Great Captain, if our pride  
Show equal measure with our grief's excess  
In greeting you in this your helplessness  
To countermand our vanity or hide  
Your stern displeasure that we thus had tried  
To praise you, knowing praise was your distress;  
But this homecoming swells our hearts no less—  
Because for love of home you proudly died.  
Lo! then the cable, fathoms 'neath the keel  
That shapes your course, is eloquent of you;  
The old flag, too, at half-mast overhead—  
We doubt not that its gale-kissed ripples feel  
A prouder sense of red and white and blue—  
The stars—Ah, God, were they interpreted!  
In strange lands were your latest honors won—  
In strange wilds, with strange dangers all beset,  
With rain, like tears, the face of day was wet,  
As rang the ambushed foeman's fateful gun;  
And as you felt your final duty done,  
We feel that glory thrills your spirit yet—  
When at the front, in swiftest death you met  
The patriot's doom and best reward in one.  
And so the tumult of that island war,  
At last, for you is stilled forevermore—  
Its scenes of blood blend white as ocean foam  
On your rapt vision as you sight afar  
The sails of peace, and from that alien shore  
The proud ship bears you on your voyage home.  
Or rough or smooth the wave, or lowering sky  
Or starlit sky—you hold, by native right,  
Your high tranquility—the silent might  
Of the true hero—so you led the way  
To victory through stormiest battle fray,  
Because your followers, high above the fight,  
Heard your soul's slightest whisper bid them snite  
For God and man and space to kneel and pray.  
And thus you cross the seas unto your own



## INSCRIPTION ON BRONZE TABLET ON SHAFT

Oliver Perry Morton, born in Wayne County, Indiana, August 4, 1823. Died in Indianapolis, November 1, 1877, aged 54 years, 2 months and 25 days. Admitted to the bar in 1847. Served as Governor of Indiana from Jan. 16, 1861, to Mar. 4, 1867. Served as U. S. Senator from Indiana from Mar. 4, 1867, until his death, Nov. 1, 1877.

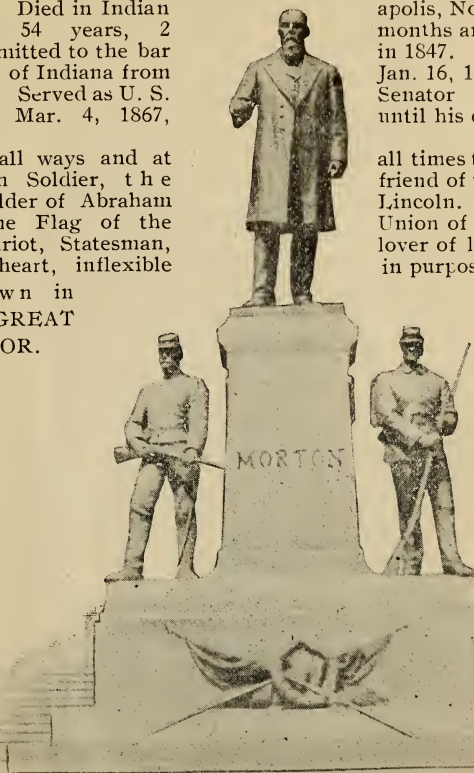
In all ways and at all times the friend of the Union Soldier, the friend of the country, the upholder of Abraham Lincoln. The defender of the Flag of the

Patriot, Statesman, the heart, inflexible known in the GREAT WAR GOVERNOR.

lover of liberty, heroic in all times the friend of the friend of the country, the Union of the states.

lover of liberty, heroic in all times the friend of the friend of the country, the Union of the states.

history a s WAR GOV-



## INSCRIPTION OF BRONZE ON BASE

At the annual meeting held in June, 1904, the Department of Indiana G. A. R., an organization of honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who served in the army and navy to preserve the integrity of the Republic of the United States of America in the great civil war from A. D. 1861 to 1865, memorialized the Legislature of the state of Indiana to appropriate sufficient money to erect this monument to perpetuate the memory of Oliver Perry Morton the Great War Governor of Indiana during that period.

## **In Honoring Lawton Indiana Honors Itself.**

(CHICAGO EVENING POST)

At Indianapolis, the capitol city of his home state, there will be unveiled on Memorial Day a monument to the memory of Maj.-Gen. Henry W. Lawton. No stone stands to a more faithful soldier than Lawton. He was a leader and a fighter, the kind of a man whom men delight to honor.

In the days of the civil war Lawton showed his soldier qualities, and they won for him his appointment to the regular service. His Indian campaigns, especially those which carried him into the heart of the Apache country, where he won a triumph of arms against a wily and elusive foe, added to his fame. The service of the general in Cuba was marked by the rarest personal courage and soldierly effectiveness. He was killed at the head of his troops in the Philippines at a moment when he was exposing himself purposely and fearlessly to the fire of the enemy in order to hearten his troops to the fight.

General Lawton lies in Arlington Cemetery in a grave unmarked save for the small headstone which the government places on the graves of its fallen, general and private alike. He rests in a grave next to that of a subordinate officer who was killed in China. The subordinate was a brave man deserving of the monument, the finest in the government burial ground. The shadow of the monument falls across the grave of Lawton.

Some day the soldiers who followed the Indian soldier, the people in their honor, or the government itself, may be moved to mark properly the spot where the self-sacrificing soldier is buried. The government owes his memory the monument. It treated Lawton none too kindly at one period of his career. There were some unworthy ones of the service to whom Lawton's success as a soldier was a matter of envy. They had their way for a day, but ultimately they went to confusion.

In honoring Lawton Indiana honors itself and the country.

—o—

### **The Name of Lawton.**

(LOUISVILLE TIMES.)

Indianapolis is to be the scene of the unveiling of the Lawton monument and Indiana will rightly assert first claim to pride in this honor done a son of whom any mother may well

These rotten gags about respect that's due the uniform.  
When shoulder straps can make a man lose half his little head  
And make him joke the holiness that wraps the country's dead.

Yes, d—n ye, we'll salute ye, and we'll all say "yes, sir," too,  
But we salute the shoulder straps; we wouldn't speak to you.  
Ye're dirtier'n a buzzard pickin' flesh from dead men's bones;  
Ye're further down beneath us than a dog a nigger owns.  
When the flag is on our coffins ye'll tell the band to play  
That good old rag-time hymn, "You're Always in the Way."

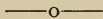
You've stolen from a veteran the last solemn funeral rite;  
You've put a daub of mud upon the flag for which we'd fight.  
You ain't disgraced the service, but ye know ye have, at least  
Showed how little man was in ye, and how near ye are the  
beast.

Few vets who hold commissions now would tell the band to play  
The rag-time, dance hall music when a soldier's laid away.

You're bad, commissioned officer! We don't care what's your  
name,

Nor who it was that raised ye, but you're rotten all the same.  
We hope they'll clean the service soon of all such men as you:  
We'll give the service credit now of having very few.

For d—n the man who wears the straps and tell the band to play  
At the funeral of a soldier, "You're Always in the Way."



## War, Hate, Love, Peace.

It whizzed and whistled along the blurred  
And red-blent ranks; and it nicked the star  
Of an epaulette, as it snarled the word—WAR!

On it sped—and the lifted wrist  
Of the ensign-bearer stung, and straight  
Dropped at his side as the word was hissed—HATE!

On went the missile—smoothed the blue  
Of a jaunty cap and the curls thereof,  
Cooing, sweet as a dove might coo—LOVE!

Sang—sang on!—sang Hate—sang War—  
Sang Love, in sooth, till it needs must cease,  
Hushed in the heart it was questing for - PEACE!

## A Soldier's Views.

Well, boys, it's up to you'ens all to say what should be done  
'Bout marchin' on Encampment days and brilin' in the sun.  
Some say we're lame and totterin' now, and don't look well  
in line,  
But you jest bet your last five-cent piece I take none of that in  
mine.

I kin march as good as ever, p'raps not quite so long or fast,  
As we used when huntin' "Johnnies" in them way back days  
'ets past;  
But when I hear the bass drum snort and the soul-inspirin fife  
I'll wobble into ranks, by gum, and march to beat yer life.

I am bound to play the soldier, jest as long es I'm alive,  
And when in line I'm back agin to sixty-one and five,  
And I'm jest as young as ever then, my heart's as glad an'  
light,  
Ef my steps hain't quite so stiddy and my hair hez all turned  
white.

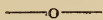
Hit does my old frame lots o' good to dress up to my "com,"  
And start my left foot foremost when I hear the big bass drum.  
And while I'm marchin down the street, my feelin's rise sub-  
lime,  
And w-a-y off I hear 'em shoutin' when they break the rebel  
line.

Oh, yes; we're getting older. Of course, that's what they say;  
But we gits a trifle younger when et comes reunion day;  
And don't forgit we'll be thar, jest like when we freed th' slave  
And there's nothin' here kin stop us, exceptin' hits the grave.

There hain't no use expoundin' uv the ills that vex us now,  
'Bout rheumatiz and failin' sight, bent forms and "frostopaw;"  
You air still one of the boys, you know, that had the vim and  
grit  
To come when "Uncle Abraham called", and I guess you got  
some yit.

S'pose we "brother up" in ranks once more, and hev another  
tramp,  
And 'magine we're in Dixie lan.l and marchin' into camp.  
Don't let nothin' ever hinder you, fur et makes our ole hearts  
swell

Beloved land, conveyed with honor's meet.  
Saluted as your home's first heritage—  
Nor salutation from your state alone,  
But all the states, gathered in mighty fleet,  
Dip colors as you move to anchorage.



## THE NAME OF OLD GLORY.

Old Glory! say who, by the ships and the crew,  
And the long, blended ranks of the gray and the blue,—  
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear  
With such pride everywhere  
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air  
And leap out full length, as we's wanting you to?—  
Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same,  
And the honor and fame so becoming to you?  
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,  
With your stars at their glittering best overhead—  
By day or by night their delightfulest light  
Laughing down from their little square heaven of blue—  
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?—say, who—  
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

The old banner lifted, and faltering then  
In vague lips and whispers fell silent again.

Old Glory, speak out, we are asking about  
How you happened to "favor" a name, so to say,  
That sounds so familiar and careless and gay  
As we cheer it and shout in our wild breezy way—  
We—the crowd, every man of us calling you that—  
We—Tom, Dick and Harry—each swinging his hat  
And hurrahing "Old Glory!" like you were our kin,  
When—Lord!—we all know we're as common as sin!  
And yet it just seems like you humor us all  
And waft us your thanks, as we hail you and fall  
Into line, with you over us, waving us on  
Where our glorified, sanctified betters have gone.—  
And this is the reason we're wanting to know—  
(And we're wanting it so!—  
Where our own fathers went we are willing to go.)  
Who gave you the name of Old Glory—O-ho!—  
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

The old flag unfurled with a billowy thrill  
For an instant, then wistfully sighed and was still.

Old Glory; the story we're wanting to hear  
Is what the plain facts of your christening were—  
For your name—just to hear it,  
Repeat it, and cheer it, 'ts a tang to the spirit  
As salt as a tear;  
And seeing you fly, as the boys marching by,  
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye,  
And an aching to live for you always—or die,  
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.  
And so, by our love for you, floating above,  
And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,  
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why  
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?

Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the blast,  
And fluttered an audible answer at last.—

And it spake, with a shake of the voice, and it said:—  
By the driven snow-white and the driven blood-red  
Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead—  
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,  
As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast,  
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod,—  
My name is as old as the glory of God.  
So I came by the name of Old Glory.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, 1898.

—o—

## SENTIMENTAL CRITICISM

(By a Near-Poet.)

We don't object to marching through a hundred miles of sun;  
We don't object to charging up a mountain on the run;  
We don't object to living on a soldier's rations straight;  
We don't object to dying, but to reach the Golden Gate  
With rag-time funeral marches when the band is made to play—  
It does seem sacreligious—"You're Always in the Way."

We don't ask favors from ye; ye may do the worst ye can;  
For Congress can't make gentlemen where God has failed on  
man.  
To 'ell with all this sickening rot—it's bad air, dry and warm;



When they holler that we're comin' and the crowd begins to yell.

And the darlin' little children, with their flutterin' hearts and flags,

Air wild with joy to see you—some's in silks and some's in rags,

But that doesn't make no diff'runce to nether me nor you;

When we see 'em wave Old Glory, why we know their hearts is true.

Strike out all this contendin' and a-chawin' of the rag,

'Bout marchin on Encampment days behind the good ole flag

That you fetched from down in Dixie, and hev always helt so dear;

We soon shall cross life's Rubicon to reach a higher sphere.

And when we're all assembled there together---Gray and Blue,

We'll form the column all in one, and march in grand review

Before the throne, while angel songs our souls with rapture swell,

And salute the benediction, "Thou hast done thy duty well."

—o—



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HEADQUARTERS 3RD BRIGADE, 1ST DIVISION 4TH ARMY CORPS  
CAMP HARKER, Tenn, June 1, 1865.

SOLDIERS OF THE THIRD BRIGADE:

The object for which we have been associated together having been accomplished, we are now about to separate, and most of us join our families and friends at home, while some of us continue for duty. You have acted well your part, faithfully and bravely, in the great struggle of your country for the maintenance of right and justice, over wrong and oppression. You will feel better that you have done your part for your country, than to have stood an idle spectator. Since we are compelled to separate, I feel thankful that I leave you in the enjoyment of an enviable reputation---a reputation of which your friends can boast, and you feel proud. Your toils, hardships and perils will be attended with the perpetuation of the National Government with greater power and glory than ever before.

Treasure up for our fallen comrades a kind remembrance as heroes of their age, in a great and good cause; take home, and into the future with you, the heartfelt gratitude of your humble commander, for his lot having been cast with such gallant soldiers and kind-hearted gentlemen. God bless and take care of you. Good bye.

WM. GROSE, Brig.-Gen. Vol.

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## . . . P R O G R A M . . .

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*First upon arrival in city report at G. A. R. Hall and Register with the Secretary.*

*This will be the order of business until 2:00 o'clock P. M., except that the W. R. C. will serve meals at the M. E. Church.*

*2:00 P. M. assemble in M. E. Church, or Public Square Park for the business session.*

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1. *Music* -----
2. *Invocation* -----
3. *Song* -----
4. *Address*----- *Mayor Kinnison*
5. *Music* -----
6. *Response to Address of Welcome by some comrade of the regiment.*
7. *Song. Reading names of deceased comrades and short memorial service.*
8. *Music* -----
9. *Report of Committees. a The report of committee to name place for holding next reunion. b Report of committee to name comrades for the offices of President, Vice President. and Secretary-Treasurer. c Report of committee on resolutions.*

# CAMP-FIRE

At 7:30 o'clock p. m. This is an informal meeting to which all are welcome. There will be short speeches by comrades, and citizens of the city, interspersed with vocal and instrumental music, recitations, Etc., Etc.

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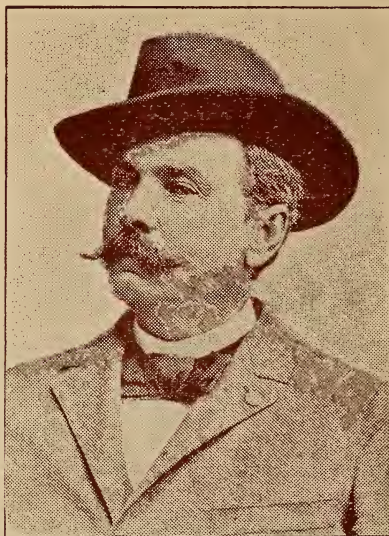




FIRST M. E. CHURCH, LIGONIER, INDIANA.  
WHERE CAMP-FIRE WILL BE HELD.

---

J. N. OHLWINE, SECRETARY 30TH INDIANA REG-  
IMENT VETERANS' ASSOCIATION, CROMWELL,  
INDIANA



---

COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS.

William R. Brown, 1519 Hurd St., Fort. Wayne, Ind.  
Peter H. Johnson, 2501 Fox Ave., Fort Wayne, Ind.  
George W. Wilbur, New Haven, Ind.

COMMITTEE ON NOMINATING OFFICERS.

N. N. Boydston, Warsaw, Ind.  
John T. Pollock, Kimmell, Ind.  
J. W. Amstrong, Leesburg, Ind.

COMMITTEE TO REPORT PLACE FOR HOLDING NEXT REUNION.

F. M. Vedder, Lagrange, Ind.  
George E. Gardner, Bluffton, Ind.  
Philip Noel, Garrett, Ind.

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You're a grand old flag

Though you're torn to a rag;

And forever, in peace may you  
wave;

You're the emblem of the land

I love

The home of the free and the  
brave

Every heart beats true for the  
red, white and blue,

And with never a boast or a  
brag.

Should auld acquaintance be  
forgot,

Keep your eye on the grand old  
flag.

5220





